

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Drake, "Father of 'em all," Beats his Drum

and brings Good News and Good Cheer to A.B. James Henry Haines, L/S William Bendle, A.B. Bert Ordish, L/S Jack Rodgers, Sto./P.O. Bob May, L/Sto. Leonard John Smith and Sto. (1st class) Bert Sant

OUTSIDE Plymouth Hoe the seas were piling on the break-water. I, the "Good Morning" representative, was on a seat overlooking the harbour, and wondering how to get into touch with the folks of two seamen—A.B. JAMES HENRY HAINES, of 54 Bickham Road, Plymouth, and LEADING SEAMAN WILLIAM BENDLE, of 35 Charlotte Street, Devonport—when a voice said, "That's easy!"

And there, on the bench, sat a little, stout, pointed-bearded man in breeches and silk stockings and ruffle. He hadn't been there a moment before, and where he came from we couldn't guess. But he was there.

"You can tell the families of both of them," he said in a queer nasal tone, "that I look after all submariners; and you can tell all submariners that I do my best to look after their families. And that goes for all submariners and their families up and down this country. I'll be beating my drum one of these days."

He gave a twirl to his brown moustache.

"Yes," he said gently, "I'll be beating my drum. You know what that means, lad. My drum beat when the German Fleet surrendered in the 1914 war. I've beat it whenever Britain's Navy smashed up an enemy ever since they laid me down for the long rest. Why, damme, they got my heart here in Plymouth. Me and Hawkins and the rest of us, and Sir Amyas Leigh, him that Kingsley wrote about, we chased the Armada all round the coast, our drums going all the time. Now, don't say as you don't know me, or I'll be offended."

"Why," said we, "you must be Frankie Drake, or his ghost...."

"Now," says he, "I'll tell you how to get to the homes of A.B. James Henry Haines and Seaman William Bendle, and whenever you want to get to a submariner's home, just give a few taps as on a drum, like this...." and he tapped on the wooden seat.... "and I'll be with you in a jiffy and show you the way. And don't forget to give them all my message; that I'm looking after them all."

We tapped the bench as he did, and he beamed with pleasure.

"Damme," says he, "you've got my drum as right as paint and you've done the Victory signal. And that's how I'll beat my drum when the enemy chucks in the sponge again. Now off you go and do your interviewing."

With that he gave us directions, pointing first of all towards Bickham Road; and when we turned our head to thank him, blimey, he wasn't there!

And that, believe it or not, is how we started on the present tour; and you, A.B. J. H. Haines, will be glad to know that we arrived at 54 Bickham Road, and found these stalwart workers, your wife, Mrs. Irene Haines, and your daughter, Barbara, aged 17; and this is the tale we heard—for your ears.

For four years these two have never failed to deliver milk on their six-miles round

at Swilly. Even when she was at school Barbara used to accompany your wife; and when Barbara became 14 there was no holding her. She was taken on the strength of the dairy and given a round of her own.

How are they looking? Answer is, the picture of health. "It has done Barbara a world of good," says your wife. "She's never had a day's illness, and now she is taller than I am."

By the way, you remember the pasties your wife used to make, with plenty of onions and good meat? She still makes 'em, and both have them when they get back from their rounds. When you come home the pasties will be ready for you, too.

Barbara is making a special leather writing case for you, which you asked for in a recent letter. It is her Christmas gift to you, and a fine case it is, all fixed up with a zip fastener.

Now, just you look at that photo of them starting on their morning milk rounds, and think of the pasties and welcome that awaits you.

Well, after we had seen these dairymaids we heard the faint beating of the drum, and that was Frankie Drake telling us to get off to 35 Charlotte Street,



"Good show? Pooh! sir, this is nuthin'. Put me on piece-work and I'll show you what I really can do!"

Devonport, for the benefit of Leading Seaman William Bendle.

Maybe, L.S. Bendle, you'd better look at the picture first. Whom do you think that is that your wife, Mrs. Brenda Bendle, is holding up for you to see? It is none other than the ten-days-old baby, Christopher! Oh, Daddy! And lest you

start asking questions, we'll answer them before you ask. "Mother and child," as they say in newspaper notices, "are doing well." And we mean well.

"I wonder," says Mother, "if the ship will hold him"—she means you—"when he knows and sees that picture!" That's one you can answer!

Oh, there's an item maybe you'd better know, too. Your wife's sister, Mrs. Joyce Higgins, wife of Gunner's Mate Lewis Higgins, got a visit from the stork, too. Your wife wanted us to mention that.

At that moment the drum went again, and we had to take orders.

This time our destination was far from Plymouth. Damme, Frankie Drake just swooshed us right up to No. 3 Derg Street, Seedley, Salford, next Manchester, and before we knew it we were talking to the mother and sister (Gwen) of A.B. BERT ORDISH.

You remember, A.B. Ordish, saying in one of your letters that a "bit of home" would do you good. Well, here is a bit for you, specially collected and delivered.

Your mother and Gwen were having an afternoon nap when we called, but they made us very welcome. Now for the gossip of No. 3 Derg Street, all for you.

Gwen is knitting tiny garments for a happy event which she hoped would come about Christmas. Florence's six-weeks-old baby boy, Brian, is getting more like his mother daily. His little brother, Eric, has started school. He is keen on the job.

Winnie is saving up for a home of her own. Irene has become "organiser in chief" of the home now you and your two brothers are away, and she has started saving up for a home, too, even if her boy won't be back for a year or two.

Did you know that your pal, Ronald Slater, is in Africa? He is safe and well, and his fiancée often visits your home. Well, that's the story, and we had hardly finished writing it down when tap-tap went that drum again.

This time we were shooshed off to where a girl drank a toast to THE DAY.

LEADING STOKER JACK RODGERS, you listen-in to this, even if you are serving abroad. For this toast is straight to you from your girl friend, Eileen Rely, and she waves to you from her home at 161 Greengate Street, Barrow-in-Furness.

It looks to us as if you can call her your fiancée henceforth. She was worrying her heart out about you till she got four letters all at once; the worry stopped—four times.

Says she: "If he is still of the same mind we shall be married next leave he gets."

Now, that's fair and square and all above-board, and you couldn't get a better message, shiver my timbers, if you tried to think one out.

Bless us, there went that

drum again; and we were thrown South and landed on our feet right in front of No. 175 Southlands Road, Bromley.

We landed there specially for STOKER P.O. BOB MAY.

Your wife, Bob May, had just left after her lunch and was cycling back to K.J.'s. What could we do but go there?

Was she pleased to hear that we were communicating with you? Of course she was. She said she was sorry you missed your first anniversary, but she hopes you will be back in time for the next one. And she said something else.

"Tell him," says she, "that I love him very much."

Now, honest, could anybody say more than that?

Rene says she goes over to see your Mum and Dad once a month. Everybody is keeping fine. The Bell Hotel is still where it was and going strong, and your pal, Joe Chamberlain, got married recently.

And when you come back home, you and your wife will, she hopes and knows, be visiting the Palladium, the Victoria Palace, and the other theatres you used to go to. So say we, too!

Then bang went that drum, and before we knew it we were landed at No. 71 Stanhope Grove, Beckenham, where there was a washing day on.

And there was your wife, L/STOKER LEONARD JOHN SMITH!

She didn't want her photo taken—not at first, but she consented, and here she is with Pat and Sandy.

Pat, we hear, is going to be bridesmaid to your sister Fanny in January; and she says, says she, "Hurry up and come home and see what a big girl I'm getting—and don't forget the sweeties," she says. "And toys," she adds.

She has a big hug coming for you.

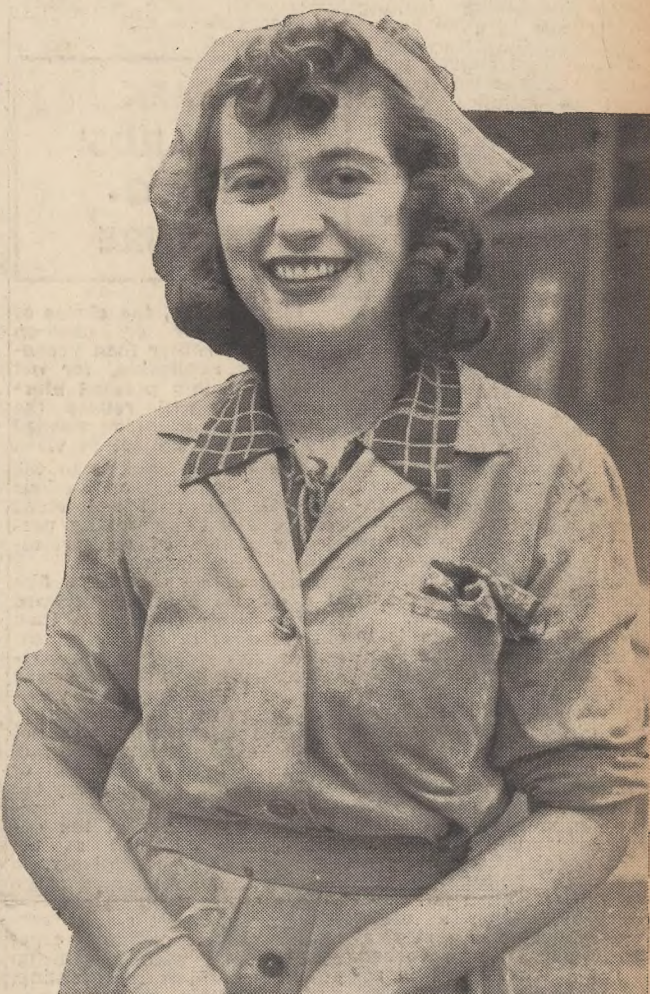
As for your wife, she says (naturally) she is longing to see you again; and she tells us to say that love is sent out to you from No. 17 and also from No. 96. And that's that, and all's well.

But, by gosh, just when we thought we had finished the tour we weren't. For old Frankie, he takes us away out on the Exeter road, about two miles or so from Dawlish, to Devon again, and there we found St. Mary's Cottages.

And this was because there, just at tea-time, was the home of STOKER FIRST CLASS BERT SANT.

Ah, Bert Sant, you know this is a Naval family, so to speak. There was Dad, Jack Sant, just home from the farm, with two boys, John (23) and Bill (15), two jolly boys who liked now and then to tease pretty Mrs. Freda Hall, W.L.A. who is staying at present with the family. And Tiddles, the cat, was also admirably friendly with Mrs. Freda.

Bert Sant, your Dad told us that you prefer the Submarine Section to any other, that you were twenty years of age, and you had been in the Navy since 1942... and Ted, the eldest of the family, was serving in the "little



Mrs. Bob May works hard all day at a capstan lathe, helping to make "the tools" that her man is using to "finish the job." And while she works she dreams of the good times that are coming—not so very far away now, she confidently believes.

ships"; and Mrs. Hall's husband is also in the Navy; and little eight-year-old Bobby, son of Mrs. Sant's brother, may be a Naval man when HE grows up. And why not? His Daddy is in the Royal Marines, and holds the Lloyd's Medal, won during this war.

Isn't that a family record to be proud of? And here is a special word for you, Bert Sant.

There was a visitor to the home a few days before we called. Guess! Right, she was none else than Elsie; and she is looking forward to seeing you again. Enough said.

So it is up to you to make for Crow Green, Cullompton, Devon, when next you are on leave. You'll be welcome. And that finished the whirl-tour, for Frankie Drake, or his ghost, rattled his drum and said again, "Tell 'em all I'm doing my bit for 'em, families and all, Devon boys, and all boys wot goes afloat in the submarines as you calls 'em. Avast!"

And he vanished—to practise his Victory drum rolling, we suppose!

THIS IS THE REAL "DESERT RAT"

WHO coined the nickname "Desert Rats" for our soldiers in the Libyan desert, although it gets on to its back legs again so quickly that the eye hardly notices it. It is a vegetarian. A pair of the animals brought to London some time ago burrowed out of their cage, but stayed around the house, and eventually became tame. Our soldiers have also met the jerboa in Persia. Here he is notorious as a thief of grain, but in revenge the Persians sometimes eat him.

T. S. Douglas

In the animal world the jerboa must be the record jumper. It is about the same size as a rat, but can jump six feet and even more—the equivalent jump for a man would be about 54 feet!

It is the jerboa's incredible back legs that are the secret of its success as a jumper. These are almost bird-like in length and appearance, and, indeed, the jerboa has been called a bird without feathers walking on its legs. The forelegs are tiny and usually kept tucked in.

When it jumps, however, it uses these forelegs for land-

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

You can shoot your own Movies

CINEMATOGRAPHY is, in a commercial sense, by far the most important application of photography, and it is probably due to the professional exploitation of the cinematograph that comparatively few amateurs indulge in making movie pictures as a hobby.

Admittedly the show you see at your local cinema for a couple of shillings will not be equalled in technical quality by your own modest efforts at home—even if you are prepared to expend many pounds on equipment, but in personal appeal home movies excel.

Here you have the most effective of all methods of reminiscing. A snapshot will bring back memories of one's last holiday better than a diary, but how much more can be done by a few rolls of moving, true-to-life pictures!

At present, most amateur cinematographers content themselves with black-and-white silent films, and, indeed, these are most pleasing to a degree. However, our cherished hope is for a good, reasonably priced colour film, complete with inexpensive sound equipment.

Experts in the trade assure us that this is by no means a wild dream, and, in fact, the last few years have brought us quite near to this object.

Sub-standard film, this is to say, film smaller than the standard 35mm. width, together with the reversal method of processing, has greatly reduced the cost of home movies, whilst the outlay required for a good cine-camera is no more than that required for a still model.

The comparatively high price of cine film makes an exposure meter a "must have." In addition to this, it will be found that far less latitude is permissible in cine than is in still photography. Such a meter will merely give the stop at which the lens is to be worked, since the shutter speed is accepted as being constant.

In converting from still to cine the amateur will find he has as much to forget as to learn. Whilst in still photography we go to great pains to avoid all signs of movement on the negative, we must now go in search of movement.

A beautiful scene is often spoiled by complete lack of action. Wind in the trees may provide sufficient "life," whilst a casual passer-by, who would earn curses from the split-second camera-man, will be welcomed by the movie-maker.

Beware of camera movement, either in the form of shakiness or as a result of following a quickly-moving subject with a swing of the camera. Use a tripod wherever convenient, and never turn the camera faster than is necessary.

Experience will show you just how much you can "swing," but often it is safer

and more effective to make breaks in the exposure whilst you bring the lens to bear on the subject again.

Some of the suggestions made a few weeks previously regarding photography of moving objects will, quite obviously, apply to cine work.

DEREK RICHARDS' PHOTO-FEATURE

In particular, the choice of three-quarter or head-on viewpoint rather than broad-sides is applicable, for not only will this prevent blurring, but will reduce the amount of swinging needed to keep the subject in view.

Little can be said as to the length of running on various subjects, but trial and error can be aided by taking particular notice of the professionals' handiwork.

You'll notice that in a film at a cinema a straightforward view is rarely given more than ten seconds; in fact, very few scenes run over the quarter-minute mark without some considerable change of viewpoint or subject.

In this respect you must not only take into account the fact that some four or five feet of film are running over every ten seconds, but the even less-pleasing possibility of the on-lookers being bored at the showing. Alternatively, a series of short, disjointed scene changes will satisfy no one.

Your films will almost certainly require editing, especially if you wish to join up numbers of films representing, say, a month's holiday.

The films are run through the projector several times, and careful notes are made as to which parts are to be cut or inserted and where titles are necessary. The films are then spliced together and run through for a final check-up.

As the splicing machines now marketed come complete with instructions, and are so easy to manipulate, there is no need for elaboration on this subject. It may be worth mentioning that the gelatine must be scraped from one of the ends of film to be joined if good adhesion is to be obtained. A slight moistening is all that is necessary to soften the emulsion.

The scope for amateur cine work is unlimited, and grand results may be obtained in portrait, pictorial and sports subjects.



WHERE THE PAVEMENTS END Marson Martin's Country Calendar

OLD Mrs. Windmill had never really minded the winter, other years. And here it was, December only just starting, and the thoughts of the bad weather to come getting her down. Of course, there was an explanation. It all started on that Sunday morning weeks ago when young Jim met with his accident. He was out after rabbits, working with the ferrets in the old "burries" by the Parish Field, when it happened. But exactly how it happened is not really known, and never will be.

From what the village can piece together, it seems Jim fired at a bolter, and was pretty certain he'd knocked it over. On coming up to the spot to look for it, he could find no trace and started to poke about in the bracken with the butt of his gun, when there was a flash, and he took the charge from the second barrel full in the left forearm. So to-day Jim Windmill's propped up in a cot in the hospital ward, conscientiously working the fingers of his left hand, as instructed by the doctor, and trying to get used to the prospect of spending the next three months, of what had been an active life, in those comfortable but cramping surroundings. And Mrs. Windmill misses her Jim and dreads the winter.

How much the old lady misses her son simply cannot be understood by anyone who has not lived in a cottage which, despite its picture-postcard appearance, possesses rather fewer of the amenities that make life easy than a back-garden garage in the suburbs. To start with, Mrs. Windmill's cottage, which in June would certainly draw a gasp from those people who love the country but don't live there, has abundant and excellent drink-

ing water—clear, cool and sparkling—but it lies, like truth, at the bottom of a well. And this particular well is exactly one hundred and forty feet deep. To wind up a six-gallon bucket of water, remembering that one gallon of water weighs ten pounds, will be seen to be no light task for a woman who draws the old-age pension, as well as the water. Naturally, having learned that the water has to be drawn from the well, you would expect to hear that it also has to be carried into the cottage.

But that's only half of it. Every drop of water that goes into the cottage—the water for washing day, the water for bath night, the water for cooking, yes, even the water that goes into the teapot—has to be carried out again when finished with. You see, whoever it was who built that sweet little cottage, next to the duck-pond, overlooked the need for even one small drain.

Again, everyone agrees that lamplight is fascinating—so soft and gentle for the eyes as well—but lamps in the short days of winter need filling every day without fail, and trimming at least once a week.

Who would put up with comfortless electric fires if they could have log fires blazing on the open hearth? I suspect that Mrs. Windmill would for one—and willingly at that, now there's no Jim to saw the wood. No doubt it will all come right in the end. The first snowdrops on the bank under the hazel hedge will be blooming again in less than a month, and the doctor says that Jim will have full use of his arm. Which means even more, perhaps, than you think—seeing that he's the best left-handed darts player in the team up at the "Horseshoes."

STICK-UP HOMES

CANADA is highly optimistic about her plywood empire. The war wiped out the trade of almost every European plywood factory, but Canada stood by.

Instead of purchasing tea chests from Poland, British planters began buying from one of the large hardwood mills of Quebec. Instead of building barracks with plywood doors from Norway and wallboard from Austria, we cabled orders to British Columbia.

Ten years ago Canada exported only \$7,000 worth of plywood. By 1939 its value had soared to \$400,000, and 75,000 people were devoting their working lives to plywood. Now there's a million in plywood production.

Fliers bomb Germany in machines of Canadian-made plywood. With a minimum of hand-work, wings and fuselage alike are pressure-moulded from thin spruce and liquid plastic. They sound makeshift, but they're not!

Plywood has new miracles to offer modernity. Fresh prospects opened when Dr. Baekeland, inventor of bakelite, discovered a synthetic resinous glue. The old starch and animal glues had never allowed plywood to stand up to severe strain.

Besides, it couldn't be glued at sufficient speed for high-pressure production.

Now they dip tissue paper in resin glue, put the sheets between plies, fuse the wood-resin sandwich into an irrevocable whole with heat and pressure.

The result is waterproof wood that cannot warp or shrink or crack or swell.

A few years ago a plywood maker in British Columbia was turning out plywood cases for tinned salmon. His timber was from the cottonwood tree. His cases travelled across the Atlantic, and one of them, lying at the back of a shop, came to the eyes of an English builder, who ordered some of the plywood for panelling.

The manufacturer saw his opportunity, and promptly switched his plant from salmon cases to decorative panelling.

After the war modern homes will have plywood in the doors, in the ceiling, or as a veneer on furniture. There are plywood walls in many office buildings to-day, and plywood floors and roof tiles have been developed.

From top to bottom you can have a plywood home.

Yet all ply is cheap. It is a timber economy. It is merely a thin peel, cut from a revolving tree trunk just as a person peels an apple. A mile or more of "veneer" may be unwound from a big Douglas fir, snicked off in convenient lengths.

Every new glue discovered means a new type of plywood and new use for ply.

RONALD GARTH.

Boxer says Goodbye to green fields and the hard life



BOXER is sold!

If Bill showed little sorrow at parting with his friend, it was because he knew from the very first that if Boxer turned out a good sound worker he would eventually become a "townsman."

Even in this mechanical age there is a good demand for town-horses of the right type, and our Boxer filled the bill in every particular.

He had lots of spirit, and was not without temper until Bill cajoled him out of it, while still allowing him to keep his high spirits.

If Bill has a temper, it's not noticeable. Patience and good-humour are the qualities required for training young animals.

And the more intractable the colt, the greater is Bill's patience and good humour, for

he does like a horse to "show itself off."

For two years he has guided Boxer through the way of "chain-work" to "shaft-work," until at five years old he was full-grown, sturdy and strong, and "fit for the roads."

Then came the man with the bowler hat. For some reason, horse-dealers always wear a bowler—not because a bowler suits their looks in any way, but it suits their business.

He asked a very few questions—for a good horse carries his credentials along with him—and first of all looked in Boxer's mouth.

"Rising five!" he said, having looked at the horse's teeth, and passed his hand over his massive shoulders, knee, fetlock, pastern and hoof.

The most important thing

for town-work is four good sound feet, and Boxer was examined for "side-bones," "splints," and "spavins"—the presence of which would soon wear out a horse that was incessantly pounding the metalled roads.

All perfect. The man stood upright against Boxer's shoulder to take his measure, which was "seventeen hands," and then gave him a prod in the ribs to "test his wind."

"Turn him round!" he said. And Boxer was turned sharply to right and left and pushed backwards a few paces, all of which he bore with patience, because (Bill was there and therefore it must be all for the best).

"Walk him on!" And Boxer was walked the length of the stable yard.

He gave a little sneeze of satisfaction, thinking his ordeal was over, when the dealer came stepping behind.

He took off his ugly bowler, put it on his stick and shook it—that being the reason why a horse dealer wears a hard hat.

It was too much for Boxer. He glanced at that black object waving behind and broke into a trot—one-two-three-four—in perfect motion, showing a full round hoof at each step.

"He'll do!" said the dealer, replacing the bowler until it should be wanted again.

And Boxer was taken back to the stable, where he rubbed his soft nozzle against Bill's shoulder as though inquiring, "What's all the fuss about?"

And now Bill has plaited Boxer's tail for the last time, seen him safely "boxed" at the station, and wished him "All the best."

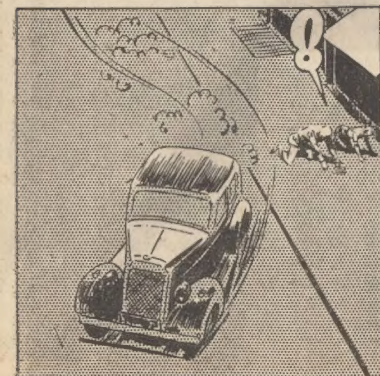
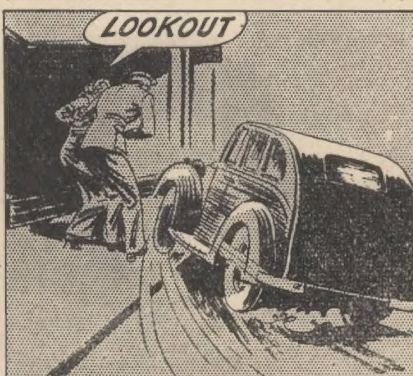
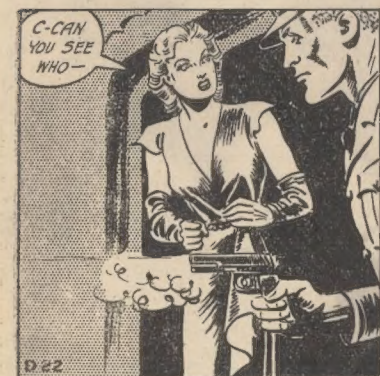
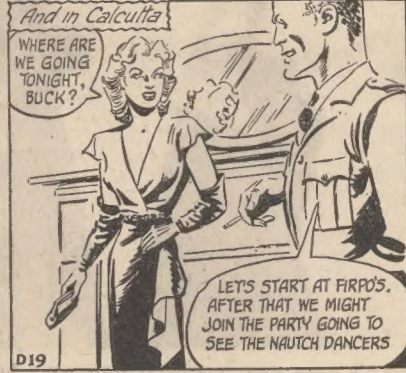
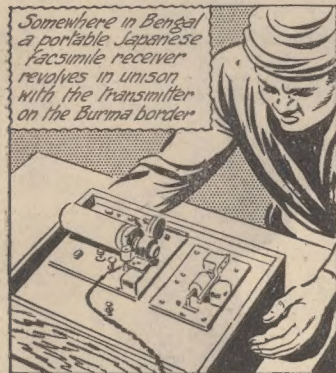
Boxer has gone to town. "All the best" will be a glimpse of the green fields occasionally, and not even Sunday will bring the grass under his feet.

No more soft earth to tread upon nor hedges to be nibbled at the furrow's end.

His furrow will lie between rows of shops and houses, and only old age or unsound feet can ever bring him back to nibble the hedges.

FRED KITCHEN.

BUCK RYAN



ODDITIES OF SPORT

By J. M. MICHAELSON

THE King of Sweden, winning a tennis tournament when over 70, is a reminder of the amazing feats of veterans. My oddest record is of Peter W. Foley, of Winchester (U.S.A.), who, after passing the age of 85, ran a marathon course of 26 miles 385 yards in 4½ hours. This amazing man ran his first marathon at the age of 50, long after most competitors in this most strenuous of athletic events have given it up.

Amongst golfers, anyone who can go round a first-class course in fewer strokes than his age is something of a phenomenon. Sandy Herd was doing it regularly at one time, and at the age of 70 returned a 67 in the famous £1,000 competition at Moor Park. In 1938, Mr. George Myers, at St. Albans, returned 73—four strokes below the years of his age. Remarkably, he did not play his first game of golf until he was in the middle fifties.

Jem Mace, the bare-knuckle champion, was still giving exhibitions at 70, and Bob Fitzsimmons, last British world heavy-weight champion, was still fighting good-class boxers in 1914, when he was 51.

Billiards requires great concentration. That made the feat of W. J. Peall, once champion, in scoring breaks of over 200 at the age of 83, remarkable.

Champion all-round veteran must have been Dr. Ingram, the Bishop of London. On his 75th birthday, in 1933, he said: "My recreations are still squash rackets, golf, tennis and hockey." He played them all well, scoring three goals in a match for Marlborough Old Boys. In 1926, when he was 68, he played against Helen Willis Moody in a mixed doubles tennis match, and his side won 6-4.

THE "dirtiest" football match ever played is generally reckoned to be that between Blackpool and Chelsea at Blackpool in October, 1932. Not because there were any fouls. But because the condition of the ground was such that it became a slough within a few minutes of the game starting, and the players were unrecognisable. One after another, five Chelsea players dragged themselves from the mud to the touch-line to receive treatment for exhaustion brought about by trying to move a ball of lead on a field of treacle.

THE Cesarewitch was once won because an owner forgot to scratch his horse. The winner was Glaucia in 1850. This horse had a trial shortly before the race, and ran so badly that her owner immediately sat down and wrote a letter scratching her from the big race. But he forgot to post it, and it was still in his pocket when news came to him that the mare had won—starting at 66 to 1.

AFTER Britain, Sweden is probably the country where football pools are most popular; and they are run by the State through a monopoly—AB Tipstjanst. In the last accounts before the war, Tipstjanst showed a profit for the year of about £700,000, which was used, in accordance with recommendations of the Swedish National Athletic Association, for establishing a huge national centre for athletic training and for helping over 300 sporting clubs of all kinds.



"Mr. Gough—you haven't looked at my teeth yet!"

Good Morning

As the Camera Caught Us



Here's the family, Sto. 1st Class Bert Sant. There's very nearly everything your heart holds dear in this one small room, we guess. With just a little corner left for somebody who lives at Crow Green, eh?

L./S. William Bendle, we would like you to meet Leading Baby Christopher Bendle. "Good Morning's" cameraman was lucky enough to secure this picture, positively the first ever taken of the great man. Don't you think your wife looks well?



It was only by exercising great persistence, L./Sto. Leonard John Smith, that we persuaded your wife to have her photograph taken. Sandy, the cat, needed no persuasion while as for young Pat, she was thrilled with the idea. Still, we're very glad we persisted — and we bet you are, too!



"Milkman! Keep those bottles quiet!" is what you'll have to sing to your family when you come home, A.B. James Haines! But, seriously, your wife and daughter, Barbara, look mighty fit as a result of their daily six-mile milk round.



One guess, A.B. Bert Ordish, at the title of the record your mother and sister Gwen are putting on the gramophone. We'll give you a clue: you used to play it so many times when you were home that it's nearly worn out. You've got it — it's Deanna Durbin!



And here's "G.M.'s" scoop picture! It's for you, L./Sto. Jack Rodgers, and it's a picture of Miss Eileen Relly, saying "Yes" to the question you popped. You certainly have the heartiest congratulations of all in the office here.